



BRANDYWINE BAROQUE
FROM PLAYHOUSE TO YOUR HOUSE

Hapless Lovers who sue in Vain (Sung by Miss Charlotte Brent)

whose Hearts are frozen with cold disdain,
learn of Jockey Love's pleasing Art,
to quell a beauty's Insolence,
and melt her Heart,
He like you wou'd Sigh and pine,
from Phebus rise to his decline.
I deny'd, and reply'd with scornful Brow,
Ah Jockeys' 'twill not do,
'twill not do prithee,
prithee leave me now.
Gazing advancing,
his Eyes Love darting,
Jenny said he one Kiss at parting,
clasping, then my slender waist,
with eager Arms he me embrac'd,
kiss'd me call'd on Heav'n above,
to record, to record his constant Love.
Partially I eye'd him,
faintly I deny'd him my Tongue bely'd my Heart,
his Shape, his Face, and Manly Grace,
strongly took my lover's part
I his Suit approving,
He my doubts removing, with Ardor reply'd,
I fly to bring the wedding Ring,
Lovely Jenny is my Bride.
Hopeless Lovers mind,
mind what I sing, no care,
no care for disdain like a kiss and a Ring.

Dr. Thomas Arne
(1710-1778)

Useless is that coquetting Leer (Sung by Mr. John Beard)

and vain each female art;
they only serve to make appear
the Falsehood of the Heart.
Your pencil'd Eyebrow,
cheek of Cream,

Dr. Thomas Arne
(1710-1778)

and Jetty curl'd up Hair,
Are that unhappy Shepherd's Theme,
but cannot me ensnare.

With Horns and with Hounds (Sung originally by Mr. John Beard)

I waken the Day,
and hie to my Woodland Walks away.
I tuck up my Robe, and am buskin'd soon,
and tye to my Forehead a waxing Moon:
I course ye fleet Stagg, unkennel the Fox,
and chase the wild Goats, o'er Summits of Rocks.
With shouting, and hooting, we pierce thro' the Sky,
and Echo turns hunter,
and doubles the Cry.
With shouting and hooting, we pierce thro' ye Sky,
and Echo turns hunter and doubles the Cry.

Dr. William Boyce
(1711-1779)

The Princes applaud with a furious Joy (Sung by Mr. John Beard)
And the King seiz'd a Flambeau with Zeal to destroy.

George F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Vignette From The Maid on the Mill, a Pastiche by Samuel Arnold

Was I sure a Life to Lead (Sung by Miss Charlotte Brent)

wretched as the vilest Slave,
Ev'ry Hardship wou'd I brave, rudest Toil severest Need,
Ere yield my Hand so coolly, to the Man who never truly, cou'd my Heart in keeping have,
Never, never, never, never cou'd my Heart in keeping have.
Was I sure a Life to Lead, wretched as the vilest Slave?
Ev'ry Hardship wou'd I brave, ere yield my Hand so coolly,
to the Man who never truly, cou'd my Heart in keeping have,
Never, never, never, never, never, never could my Heart in keeping have.
my Heart in keeping have.
Wealth with others Success will ensure you,
where your Wit and your Person may be, take to them your Love, I conjure you,
and in mercy set me at ease, and in mercy set me at ease.
Was I sure a Life to Lead wretched as the vilest Slave?
Ev'ry Hardship wou'd I brave. Ere yield my Hand so coolly,
to the Man who never truly, cou'd my Heart in keeping have,
Never, never, never, never, cou'd my Heart in keeping have.

Giovanni B. Pergolesi
(1710-1736)

When a Maid in way of Marriage (Sung by Mr. John Beard)

first is courted by a Man,
let him do the best he can,
She's so shamefac'd in her Carriage,
'tis with Pain the Suit's began.
Tho may hap she likes him mainly,
still, she shams it coy and cold,
fearing to confess it plainly,
least the Folks shou'd think her bold.

Samuel Arnold
(1740-1802)

But the Parson comes in sight,
gives the word to Bill and Coo,
'tis a diff'rent Story quite, and she quickly buckles, too, too, buckles too, buckles too.

Cease oh Cease to overwhelm me (Sung by Miss Charlotte Brent)

Felice Giardini
(1716-1796)

with excess of bounty,
with excess of Bounty rare.
What am I, what have I to deserve your meanest care?
Tell me, tell me to deserve your meanest care.
'Gainst our fate in vain resistance,
Let me then no grief disclose, no grief, disclose,
But resign'd, but resign'd at humble distance
Offer vows for your repose.
Resign'd at humble distance, offer vows for your repose.

Then hey for a frolicksome Life (Sung by Mr. John Beard)

Anon. Monsnigier

I'll ramble where Pleasures are rife,
strike up with the freehearted Lassés,
and never, no never think more of a Wife,
A Plague on it, men are but Asses, to run, to run after Noise and Strife.
I'll strike up with the freehearted Lassés, and never, no never think more of a Wife,
A Plague on it, men are but Asses, to run after Noise and Strife.
Had we been together Buckled, 'twou'd have prov'd a fine Affair a fine, a fine Affair.
Dogs wou'd have bark'd at the Cuckold, and Boys pointing,
Pointing cry'd look there, there, there, there!
Then hey for a frolicksome Life, I'll ramble where Pleasures are rife, strike up with the freehearted Lassés,
and never, no never think more of a Wife.

Duetto: O the Transport, O the Rapture

Dr. Thomas Arne
(1710-1778)

(Sung by Mr. John Beard & Miss Charlotte Brent)
O the Transport of possessing, Gentle Beauty's endless Charms,
O sweet reward for all my Pains. The Thorn is gone, the Rose remains, the Rose remains.
O the Transport of possessing, Gentle Beauty's endless Charms.
Oh, Rapture past expressing, Rapture, Rapture past expressing,
O sweet Reward for all my Pains, The Thorn is gone, the Rose remains.
The Thorn is gone the Rose, the Rose remains.

O the Rapture past expressing, Circled in my Sultans' Arms.
The Thorn is gone, the Rose remains.
O sweet Reward for all my Pains, The Thorn is gone, the Rose remains.
O the Rapture past expressing circled in my Sultans' Arms.
Oh! Rapture' past expressing, Rapture, Rapture past expressing,
O sweet Reward for all my Pains, The Thorn is gone, the Rose remains.
The Thorn is gone. The Rose remains.

From Artaxerxes

Adieu thou lovely Youth (Sung by Miss Charlotte Brent)

let hope thy Fears remove,
Preserve thy Faith and Truth
But never doubt my Love.

George Frideric Handel

(1685-1759)

O much lov'd Son (Sung by Mr. John Beard)

if Death has Stol'n thy vital Breath,
I'll share thy hapless Fate.
But e'er the Dagger drinks my Blood
a murder'd King at Lethe's Flood
the Tydings shall relate.
Bid Charon cease from Toil,
and rest upon his Oar.
Till I arrive t'attain the Soil
where we shall part no more.

The Soldier tir'd of wars alarms (Sung by Miss Charlotte Brent)

Forswears the Clang of hostile Arms
And scorns the Spear and Shield.
But if the brazen Trumpet Sound
He burns with Conquest to be Crown'd,
and dares again the Field
He dares again the Field.

From Alcina

Voglio amar e disamar (Sung by Mr. Beard & Miss Young)

I wish to love, or not to love
così mi piace.

Just as I please

La tua costanza?

And your constancy?

È persa.

It is no more.

La tua promessa fede e il giuramento?

But you gave me your word! What of your vow?

Questi portolli via rapido il vento.

The wind has carried all away.

Vendi carti tu vuoi d'un innocente inganno; e pur t'adoro, Oronte, anima mia.

You want to avenge yourself for an innocent deception, and yet I adore you, Oronte,
my darling.

Per altra io moro.

I languish for love of another

Credi ch'uno straniero poteva mai...?

Do you think a stranger could ever...?

E pur l'amasti, ingrata. Ma più gli affetti miei per te non sono.

And yet you loved him, faithless woman, But my fondness for you is no more.

Se t'offesi, mio ben, chiedo perdono.

If I have wounded you, my love, I ask forgiveness.

George Frideric Handel

(1685-1759)

Credete al mio dolore (Sung by Miss Cecilia Young [Mrs. Arne])

Believe that I suffer,
luci tiramne e care!
O you stern but beloved eyes!
Languo per vol d'amore,
I pine for love of you,
bramo da voi pietà!
I long for your compassion!
Se pianger mi vedete,
When you see me weep,
se mio tesoro vichiamo,
when I call you my darling,
e dite che non v'amo,
if you deny that I love you
è troppa crudeltà
it is too cruel to bear.

M'inganna, me ne avveggo (Sung by Mr. John Beard)

She is deceiving me, I know,
e pur ancor l'adoro,
and yet I still adore her,
Se ben mi fu infedel, è 'l mio tesoro.
Even though she has been faithless, she is my beloved.

Un momento di contento (Sung by Mr. John Beard)

One moment of happiness
dolce rende a un fido amante
Turns a true lover's
tutto il pianto che verso.
Tears to joy.
Suol Amore dal dolore
Love alone can find in sorrow
tirar balsamo alle pene
balm for its pains, and heal
e sanar chi pria piagò.
The wounds it has inflicted.

From Saul

What abject Thoughts a Prince can have (Sung by Miss Cecilia Young)
in Rank a Prince, in Mind a Slave!

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Birth and Fortune I despise! (Sung by Mr. John Beard)

From Virtue let my Friendship rise.
No Titles proud thy Stem adorn;
Yet born of God is nobly born:
And of his Gifts so rich thy Store,
That Ophir to thy Wealth is poor.

Author of Peace, who canst control (Sung by Miss Cecilia Young)
Ev'ry Passion of the Soul.
To whose good Spirit alone we owe
Words that sweet as Honey flow;
With thy dear Influence his Tongue be fill'd,
And cruel Wrath to soft persuasion yield.

**From *Cecilia volgi un sguardo*
*Tra amplessi innocent***

Only amid innocent embraces,
tra armonici accenti,
Amid harmonious strains,
il core sol gode.

Does the heart rejoice.
Un fervido affetto,

Untainted affection,
sincero diletto

And true delight
sol mertano lode
Alone deserve praise.

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

